

Welcome to My Life

by CrazyFangirlWhoMindsHerWords

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Angst

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-03-30 15:18:58

Updated: 2014-03-30 15:18:58

Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:13:12

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,417

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Song-fic Welecome to My Life by Simple Plan. Can't say much else except I really hope you enjoy it. (T for self-harm topics)

Welcome to My Life

\_Do you ever feel like breaking down?\_

\_Do you ever feel out of place,\_

\_Like somehow you just don't belong\_

\_And no one understands you?\_

\_Do you ever wanna run away?\_

\_Do you lock yourself in your room?\_

\_With the radio on turned up so loud\_

\_That no one hears you're screaming?\_

Hiccup brought the hammer down upon the molten metal time and time again. \_No one understands what it's like being me, no one.\_ He clamped his eyes shut. A tear trickles down his cheek. \_BANG! BANG! BANG!\_ This overwhelming life left Hiccup in an angsty mood. "Whoa there Hiccup! Looks like you'll have to start over." Gobber looked over the darkened boy's shoulder to see a mangled sword. Hiccup groaned and shoved the piece of disheveled metal back into the heat of the roaring fire with an angry grunt. He misjudged the stab and ended up burning himself. The ember sizzled on his hand, turning the skin on his palm black. The searing pain left Hiccup paralyzed. Then, a freezing bucket of ice water flowed over the damaged hand, sealing the wound and putting it out. Hiccup stood staring at his blackened hand, still frozen in place. "That'll need to be taken to the Healer.

Take the rest of the day off. You won't be working with that hand of yours for a while." Hiccup swept off his apron, careful to avoid brushing the material against his burn. He nodded to Gobber, then stiffly walked out. Once out of sight of the forge, Hiccup turned away from the Healer's house and headed up the hill to his home in an all out sprint. He ran past the jeering villagers, who shouted "Weakling!" and "Scum of the chief!" "He could have done better!" with tears streaming down his face. He threw open the door. Hiccup walked into a silent house, the only sound present, the creaking of the floorboards. His dad was out, so he clambered up the wooden staircase as loudly as he liked. Hiccup ran to his room and slammed the door, locking it with a wooden bar. He tripped on the rug, falling onto it and curling into a ball. At first it was a tear, a shimmering diamond curling down and around his cheek and dripping off his chin. Then, a torrent of salty water. Soul-tearing sobs wracked through the boy's frame. He stayed like that for the rest of the afternoon, howling with the inner pain of an outcast.

\_No, you don't know what it's like\_

\_When nothing feels alright\_

\_You don't know what it's like\_

\_To be like me\_

Hiccup awoke hours later in his bed, covered completely in blankets. He shifted around, not wanting to get up, but having to do something important. He pulled his hand out from under the covers to find it wrapped in bandages. A note from his dad lay on his side table, explaining that he went on another search for the dragon's nest. "Can't even stand to stay in the same village as his decrepit embarrassment of a son, eh?" Hiccup thought bitterly. He flung off the blankets, and grabbed his carving knife off his desk. He looked at the walls, cynically reminiscing in his childhood.

The few people who walked into Hiccup's room were almost always distracted by the thousands of papers settled on his desk, or pinned on his wall. They were fantastically detailed drawings of his inventions. Even after getting used to that, they would then be preoccupied with looking at his prototypes of the inventions, small tiny works of art and architectural design. And even the most reasonable viking would most definitely be absorbed in the \_neatness\_ of his room. Most viking's homes were an absolute disaster. It was terribly difficult to entertain in Berk. The only place there were celebrations and parties were in the Great Hall, and even those were incredibly rare. None of them would notice the tiny markings, carved shakily at first, but that which had grown to become stronger, more hateful strokes.

Hiccup recalls the day he made the first marking. He had been only seven at the time. Snotlout Snotface had come up to him and smashed a rotten potato into his sketchbook and whispered in his ear: "Well, well, well. If it isn't the pathetic string bean. You really think you'll win the tribe over by drawing pretty little pictures? A \_dreamer\_ isn't what they need; they need a person of brawn, who follows the code who trains hard every single day. And I have a feeling that you don't even \_want\_ to be chief. You're the only thing standing in my way. Maybe one day, someday, you'll have an "accident", and \_I\_ will be the heir to the tribe. It will happen,

and they'll remember me forever, Snotlout the Brave, Snotlout the Savior, Snotlout the Hero. And you'll always be little old weakling Hiccup the USELESS.

With that, he smashed the rest of the potato into Hiccup's face, ripped the journal out of his hand and walked away, cackling. Snotlout had thrown his pad into a trough of water, destroying the worn leather book and shredding the parchment, while Hiccup had run to his house, sobbing. He had lain on his bed, curling against the cruelty of his life. Tears streaming down his face, Hiccup had picked up a whittling knife, and brought it to his arm, ready to make a cut. Fortunately, the intelligent part of his brain said, "Haven't you already hurt enough? Why not inflict pain on something else for a change?"

Hiccup's eyes widened at the thought of making something else suffer, and whipped around and drove the knife into the headboard. He ripped it out, cracking the wood. Then, he walked to the corner of his room, and etched a small tally mark into the wood. He did it four more times. The first because Snotlout had confronted him in the first place. The next one was carved because of the potato. The third hash mark was the threat Snotlout had given him. The fourth was for calling him Hiccup the Useless. The fifth and final tally was for causing Hiccup to throw away years of work and inspiration. He deliberately made that mark thick and harsh. The years went by, and his walls filled with insults and abuse, each one signified by a choppy tally mark. Hiccup had long since given up trying to count them. For now, he strode up to the

\_To be hurt\_

\_To feel lost\_

\_To be left out in the dark\_

\_To be kicked when you're down\_

\_To feel like you've been pushed around\_

\_To be on the edge of breaking down\_

\_And no one's there to save you\_

\_No, you don't know what it's like\_

\_Welcome to my life\_

Hiccup trudged down the stairs, chest heaving. His eyes were red and puffy. He dunked his head into a bucket of icy water. He came up gasping for air, but he felt better. Then, he looked up. A portrait hung above the basin. A portrait of his father. A strong, muscular, viking, with a long, wild beard. What's a lion without his mane? He seemed the pure essence of manliness. Hiccup yearned for the feeling of respect and acceptance that his father gained mounds of every day. He ran out of the back door, and into the woods, running for the Cove, his one place of serenity in this life of his he loathed. Along the way, the images of people he used to be friends with flash before his eyes. Fishlegs, the twins, even some of the more elderly who used to give him candies when he was little. Each and every one of them had a fake smile on their face, mouthing lies to make him feel

better. Or lies that used to make him feel better. Finally, sketchbook and charcoal in hand, Hiccup made it to the Cove. A beautiful dip in the land, hidden from the all vikings who might taint it, with their blood, and gore, and warfare. All, except Hiccup. But then again, he didn't really qualify as a true "viking".

\_Do you wanna be somebody else?\_

\_Are you sick of feeling so left out?\_

\_Are you desperate to find something more\_

\_Before your life is over?\_

\_Are you stuck inside a world you hate?\_

\_Are you sick of everyone around?\_

\_With their big fake smiles and stupid lies\_

\_While deep inside you're bleeding\_

For a moment, the injustice of it all comes flooding back into his mind, causing him to stagger back, as if actually hit. Hiccup breathes deeply, calming his heart rate. He sits artistically on a rock, finding the right angle to begin he sketch. What starts out as a beautiful drawing of the Cove, turns into a desolate ocean view. A boat is seen in the distance being toppled by a wave, rain pouring down from dark grey clouds.

\_No, you don't know what it's like\_

\_When nothing feels alright\_

\_You don't know what it's like\_

\_To be like me\_

The tears come again, and this time, they don't hold back. The sun's rays darken, and everything turns grey. Time seems to stop completely. Hiccup slides down the rock, clutching his sketchpad. He lays on the ground, and the flow of water slows to gentle drips. A teardrop makes its way down his cheek, landing gracefully onto the small boat, smearing the image.

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\_Welcome to my life\_

Hiccup walks back into the village, pad in hand. An elderly woman who smells strongly of lilacs hobbles up to him.

"You lookâ€¦" She searches for a word to describe his appearance. "Nice, today." She pats him on the cheek and walks away. He knows for a fact that this is just not true. Hiccup saw his reflection in the lake. His hair was stuck up in different angles. His eyes were puffy from crying, and his shirt was probably covered in mud and grass. He gave weak smiles to those around him, and quickly walked towards his house. In the window of a bar, he saw his father laughing and drinking with a ton of people standing around him. Hiccup's stomach knotted with envy. His father never had to work for anything. His whole life had a map, a simple plan. Must be nice.

\_No one ever lied straight to your face\_

\_And no one ever stabbed you in the back\_

\_You might think I'm happy but I'm not gonna be okay\_

\_Everybody always gave you what you wanted\_

\_You never had to work it was always there\_

\_You don't know what it's like, what it's like\_

Hiccup stood there for a while, just watching what it would be like to have people who actually \_enjoyed\_ his company in his life. Soon, the sun was setting and it was getting dark. Hiccup trudged home, defeated. Again, people jeered and insulted him. Hiccup gritted his teeth, and walked to his house. Within minutes, he was asleep in his bed, fitfully dreaming about tomorrow.

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The next morning, Hiccup awoke to screaming and shouting, he clambered down the stairs, and leaned against the door. Clanging metal could be heard. Those sounds, this early in the morning, could only mean one thing.

"Dragons!" Hiccup breathed. This was his chance.

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup wandered through the forest, cursing his bad luck.<p>

"Oh, the gods hate me. Some people lose their mug or their knife, no, not me, I manage to lose an entire dragon?" He whacked a large branch, which came right back into his face, leaving a red mark on his cheek along with a stinging sensation. He glared at the tree, then realized that it was bent, the top half laying on the ground. A deep wound in the earth signified that something had crashed, something big. "That's weird." Hiccup thought. "I don't remember that being there." He walked through the gash, running his hands over mangled wood and bushes. He peeked over the hill, and saw it.

\_Welcome to my life\_

An enormous Night Fury lay, motionless. Hiccup scrambled over the hump and walked almost reverently up to the dragon.

"I-I actually hit it! Oh, this fixes everything!" Glee ran through his body. A small cloud of shame hung over him for a few seconds, at the compunction of killing a beautiful creature as such. Then, the joy returned. He struck a heroic pose on the beast's arm.

"I have brought down this mighty beast!" The Night Fury grunted and tossed him off. "Not so dead after all?" thought Hiccup as he drew back, cowering against the rock. The creature's chest was heaving now, but the rest remained motionless.

\_Welcome to my life\_

Hiccup's head tilted in curiosity when he saw the beast's eyelids flutter. It's eyes opened fully, and his breath caught as he stared into the dragon's beautiful eyes. They were emerald, much like his own, but here and there were small flecks of the rainbow, beautiful purples and blues, sharp yellow and orange and red, and even rosy pink were contained in those intelligent, knowing eyes. Hope began to flutter in Hiccup's chest, heart beating with the possibility of being something new, something different, something better, than a standard viking. And for the first time in his wretched life, he didn't care about what other people would think.

\_Welcome to my life.\_

\* \* \*

><p>I don't own Simple Plan or their lyrics (What made you think I did?).<p>

End  
file.